

Thi saa har Gud elsket
Verden, at han gav sin
Søn, den enbaarne, for at
hver den som tror paa
ham, ikke skal fortæbes,
men have evigt Liv.

HYRDE N

"JEG ER DEN GODE HYRDE." — Joh. 10. 11.

Den som tror paa ham,
bliver ikke dømt; den som
ikke tror, er allerede dømt,
fordi han ikke har troet
paa Guds enbaarne Søns
Navn.

17de aargang.

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Andet Nr. i April, 1941

Nr. 8

I EN STILLE STUND

"Se der Guds Lam som bærer verdens
synd!" — Joh. 1:29.

Naar synden forskrekker mig,
naar samvittigheten anklager mig,
naar jeg ser saa altfor meget i mit
liv som har vært og er anderledes end
det skulde være; naar tvilen kommer,
naar sløvheten og likegyldigheten og
verdsligheten vil faa makt over mig,
saa er der ikke noe andet som hjelper
end at se paa det Guds Lam som bar
verdens synd. Bar han verdens synd,
saa bar han ogsaa mine. Og han bar
dem for at ta dem bort. Straffen—
min straff—blev lakt paa ham, og
han tok den i mit sted. Han tømte
kalken, Guds vredes kalk, og dermed
er der fred og frelse for arme syndere
paa jorden.

Hvor saligt at betrakte forsonin-
gen, at faa hvile min trette sjæl i
hvad Jesus har gjort for mig! Selv-
om der er mange som vil fortelle
mig at Jesu gjerning ikke hadde an-
den betydning end at han viste os
hvorledes vi skulde leve her paa jor-
den, saa finder jeg alikevel i de ord
som er git mig til lykte for min fot
og til lys paa min sti at Jesus kom
for at gi sit liv til en gjenløsnings
betaling for mange, for alle.

Takk, kjere Gud, for at det er saa.
Hjelp mig at holde dette fast. Hjelp
mig at tro det i dag at Jesu Kristi
blod renser ogsaa mig fra all synd!
Amen.

"Du vet best hvor det mig gremmer
Naar du dine øine gjemmer
Og ei mere til mig ser;
Men skjønt du en stund dig dølger,
Jeg dig dog i troen følger
Og om naade, naade ber.

Hold, min sjæl, da op at klage,
La Guds veier dig behage,
Først til strid og saa til fred!
Du maa tornekransen bære;
Siden livets krans og ære
Evig skal du gledes ved."

(N. F.)

SYVER OENS VIDNESBYRD

Naade og fred i det velsignede
navnet "Jesus"!

Da jeg under mit ophold paa den
anden side av grænsen er blit mere og
mere kjendt med Hyrden, saa be-
stemte jeg mig paa at faa den ind i
mit rum ogsaa naar jeg er hjemme.
Indlagt vil De finde en check paa
\$2.00 til at begynde med.

Har været i pastor Hovrestens
kald og forsøkt at undervise de unge
om den vei de bør vandre. Gud gi at
sæden som blev utsaadd under angst
og tildels taarer maa faa fæste røt-
ter, og blomstre til Faderens behag.
Det er vor bøn naar vi bøier os for
nædens trone.

Erindrer saa ofte naar jeg skal
forlate et sted hvad en svensk prest
sa ved en avskedsfest: Saa længe vi
er oppe i arbeidet, saa er vi utsat for
at sløves for det værdige ansvar som
hviler paa os høyrde og tilsyns-
mænd for den hjord Herren har an-
betrodd os. Men naar tiden kommer
at vi skal reise og vi kaster et blik
tilbake paa vort virke, saa fyldest vi
med sorg, og ønsker om vi bare kunde
faa tiden tilbake, saa skulde vi ha
anvendt tiden bedre.

Men tiden som gik kommer aldrig
igjen, saa lyder vekslings bud. Dog
blir ei glemt hvad vi gjorde med den,
nei, det staar skrevet hos Gud. —
Den eneste utvei blir, at jeg maa
bekjende ogsaa mine forsømmelses-
synder og faa dem utslettet med Je-
su dyre blod. O hvor salig det er at
faa lægge sig op til hans vunder og
naglegaps blodige saar. De bedste
lyksalighets stunder deruti mit hjer-
te faar. Ja, ære og pris ske Lammet
som blev slagtet, og som kjøpte os
fra jorden med sit blod.

HERREN ER MIN HYRDE

Nedenstaaende velkjente salme blev forfattet av den danske prest Anders
Christensen Arøbo, født 2 juni, 1587, ved Æreskøbing hvor hans far var prest.
Hans barndom og skoledage er os ubekjendt, men han maa ha vært ualmindelig
begavet, da han nemlig blev slottskapellan i København bare 21 aar gammel.
I 1610 (altsaa 23 aar gammel) tok han magistergraden, og efter et par forflyt-
ninger blev han i 1618 kallt og innviet som biskop i Trondheim bispedømme. Men
ung og villter som han enda var, og meget likegyldig i baade ord og gjerning,
vokste der snart op et bittert fiendskap mellem ham og en høitstaaende dansk
embedsmand som tilslutt fik ham avsatt som biskop (1622). Han reiste snart
tilbake til Danmark hvor han virket som prest til sin død i 1637.

Arøbos bekjente "Kong Davids Psalmer sangvis utsat" fremkom i 1623, og
var ganske visst med faa unntagelser forfattet i Norge. Dette og et andet be-
tydelig verk angaaende skapelsen vannet for forfatteren baade beundring og be-
rømmelse. Han er saaledes av mange blitt kallt "Den Danske poesies far."

Herren han er min hyrde god,
Min vægter og min nærer,
Thi falder alting mig til fod,
Alt godt han mig beskjerer:
Mig skal ei fattes sjælens mad,
Og hvad der gjør mit hjerte glad;
Vel mig for saadan Herre!

Som hyrden driver sine faar
Paa deilig græsgang grønne,
Og fører dem til rindend' Aa'r,
Og til vandstrømme skjønne,
Saa gjør min hyrde, Jesus Krist,
Han føder sjæl og legem vist,
Hver faar sin mad og drikke.

Om jeg faar lyst til syndig ting,
Min sjæl skal han omvende,
Og føre mig derfra omkring,
Selv tage mig ved hælde,
Og lede mig saa tryg og fri
Ved ordet paa retvisshets sti
For sit navns skyld og ære.

Hvi skulde jeg da frygte mig,
Mens du gaar mig til haande,
Og leder mig saa tryggelig
Alt med dit ord og aande?
Trods motgang og al verdens nød,
Trods helved og den evig' død,
Din kjep og stav mig trøster.

Du er min vært, jeg er din gjæst,
Din dug du for mig breder,
Og mætter mig med føden bedst,
Og intet ondt tilsteder;
Du sparer ingen salve god,
Fra hoved flyter den til fod,
Mit bager og gaar over.

Jeg skal faa nyde manglede
Din godhet her i live,
Og din den store miskundhet
Hos mig skal stedse blive,
Derpaa skal jeg evindelg
Bo i dit hus og himmerig,
Ei ende faa de dage!

(Landstad, Nr. 374)

FRA EN TUR TIL CANADA

S. H. Nj a a.

(Fortsat.)

Birch Hills var som før sagt vort
hovedkvarter under dette besøk, ti
der bor min bror, Peder. Han tok
land i 1903 og flyttet der op fra Fos-
ton, Minn., i 1904. Min søster Inge-
borg, Mrs. Christ Anderson, bor og-
saa der. Da vi spurte Christ hvorle-
des det gik, sa han: "Stor avling og
lite penge. Fire til fem pund med
twine pr. acre." Ja, slik er det. Det
er slit og slep. Vi bragte intet med
os til verden og skal heller ikke bringe
noe med os ut av verden. Den
største kunst er at være fornøiet med
det vi har faat og takke vor Herre,
er smukt og godt, mange kan ha det
værrer.

En anden av de første settlere jeg
vil nevne var Halvor Hovde. Han
kom der op fra Evansville, Minn.,
og kjøpte land like ved Birch Hills.
Dette blev min faste stoppeplass paa
mine reiser gjennom dette strøk. Da
vi fik danne menighet i byen og be-
gynde kvindeforening, var Mr. og
Mrs. Hovde de første til at bli med
og tok mange tunge tak for at faa
arbeidet i god gjenge. Nu hviler
Hovde paa menighetens gravgaard.
Mrs. Hovde og en datter bor i deres
hjem i Birch Hills. De øvrige av
børnene er spredt paa forskjellige
steder i Canada.

Mrs. Lars Braaten hører ogsaa til
de gamle pionerer, og det samme er
tilfelde med Nils Swanson, Ed. Olson,
Syvert Braaten, August Hanson med
mange flere.

En dag skulde vi gjøre en tur til
Prince Albert. Det er den største
og vel ogsaa den eldste by i det nord-
lige Saskatchewan. Den ligger vak-
kert langs Saskatchewan elven. Den
gang vi flyttet op til Canada i 1903
maatte vi standse i denne by i flere
dage for at gjøre indkjøp for vor hus-

milde mot solnedgangen.

Peter, den hastige discipel, yder de
lidende troende trøst ut av et hjerte
der er blit blodgjort av mange aars
prøvelser.

Syver A. Oen.

Fra Kandahar, Sask,

Jeg er en av Hyrdens abonnenter
og finder i dens spalter megen god
og styrkende lesning. Tenkte jeg
vilde sende nogen ord ogsaa her fra
Kandahar.

Angaaende menighetsarbeidet saa
har vi i den senere tid hatt besøk av
brødrene Adolf og Marvin Odland
som begge studerer ved Luther Se-
minarium i Saskatoon. Efter som
jeg forstaar saa skal de begge virke
iblandt os igjennem sommertiden og-
saa.

Ja maatte vore hjerter nu i denne
tid kunne fyldest med lov og takk til
ham som tok vor skyld og byrde paa
sig. Maatte vi i ham frigjøres fra
all synd og sorg og plage som der er
saa meget av i verden.

Vi skulde nesten tro at menneskene
nu i vor tid burde vaakne op og bli
sig selv bevisst i hvilket forhold de
staar til sin frelser og sin Gud. Men
det ser tvert imot ut til at all den
elendighet, krig, og sorg som nu pla-
ger verden ikke makter at forandre
menneskenes livssyn. Vi faar dog
haape paa det bedste.

Jeg ser i Hyrden et brev fra Norge
sendt til Mrs. Marie Tangen som
opholder sig ved alderdomshjemmet
i Northwood, N. Dak. I det staar
der blandt andet, "Merkelig og trist
er det at krigen her i Norge ikke har
faat vekke det norske folk fra synde-
sønnen."

Ja det er meget trist. Maatte Her-
ren forbarme sig over den arme men-
neskehet saa at en almindelig vekkel-
se maatte komme over alle folk!

—Ole O. Brekke.

Fra Brevskuffen

We live in a district that seldom
has any church services in winter,
and always look for Hyrden.

Mrs. Sigrid Henrickson, Swanson.

* * *

Jeg er misfornøiet med bladet, da
det er meget engelsk i det. Jeg kan
ikke læse det engelske sprog, saa skul-
de ønske det var mere norsk.

Karen Forseth, Sexsmith.

* * *

P.S. — Til trods for sin uttrykte
misfornøielse sender fru Forseth os
alikevel sin fornyelse for to aar. Takk
baade for brevet og pengene! Desver-
re kan vi av gode grunde ikke love
mere norsk end vi har hat hittil.

—Red.

* * *

Det (brevet) har vært allesteds.
Jeg vet ikke hvorfor. Nu ber jeg
Dem gjøre noget saa jeg kan faa bla-
det. Jeg liker det, og vil ha det.

Mrs. Annie Thompson, Vilna.

* * *

Med det samme vi innsender for-
nyelsen for det meget gode og kjer-
komne blad Hyrden, maa vi vedlegge
en hjertelig hilsen til alle bladets
læsere, baade her i Kanada og andre
steder hvor det læses. Det er meget
godt lesestof baade i det norske og
i det engelske sprog.

Mr. og Mrs. C. H. Myhre, Outlook.

holding og for kjøp av heste og kjø-
reredskeer. Vi var ikke svært pen-
gesterke, men vi kunde faa alt det vi
vilde ha paa tid. De vidste at en
prest ikke vilde bedra dem. Det var
noksaa spendende for os at gjøre os
ferdige for at reise langt ut i vild-
nisset, ca. 50 mil fra Prince Albert,
vor nærmeste by. Ja, nu er det 37
aar siden, og vi bevarer de første
erfaringer og indtryk i en kjær er-
indring.

Det er kun ca. 30 mil fra Birch
Hills til Prince Albert, og dette styk-
ke gik baade fort og godt, men det
var tanken at vi skulde lenger den
dag, like op til Waskasue, et av de
vakreste sommeropholdssteder i Ca-
nada. Det ligger ca. 70 mil nord fra
Prince Albert. Vort ophold blev der-
for kort i Prince Albert den dag,
men vi maatte indom til pastor Euge-
(Fortsat paa side 2)

HYRDEN

Organ of The Norwegian Lutheran Church of Canada.

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Blir "Lutheraneren" Brysom?

En av læserne skriver at han synes vi laaner formeget fra "Lutheraneren". Han slaar paa at det er faa-fengt at trykke saa meget av et kirkeblad som han og mange andre holder ved siden av "Hyrden".

Nuvel, skulde det virkelig være saa at en forholdsvis stor del av vore læsere holder "Lutheraneren", saa burde vi ganske visst være litt mere sparsomme med vore optrykk. Hidtil har vi ikke hatt andet end situasjonen her i Edmonton som rettesnor, og her er der av menighetsmedlemmerne bare een som holder "Lutheraneren", mens "Hyrden" finner vei til omkring 30 hjem.

Og saa er det to andre hensyn som ogsaa har spillet inn; nemlig, opplysninger angaaende vor kirkes arbeide og interesser, og nyheter fra Norge. "Lutheraneren" har vært god at ta til i begge tilfælder.

Men, som sagt, er "Lutheraneren" den almindelige gjæst i norsklesende hjem som det udmerkede blad forsjener at være, saa burde vi kanskje ta rev i seilene hvad optrykk angaar. Bare fortell os hvad du synes, saa skal vi søke at innrette os derefter.

A History-making Occasion

History was made for the Norwegian Lutheran Church of Canada when Mr. John Precht on March 16th preached his graduate sermon at Zion Lutheran Church, Saskatoon. Mr. Precht is the first candidate of theology from Luther Theological Seminary, Saskatoon, and will in due time take up his work in the North Battleford home mission field. Our hearts should swell with joy and thanksgiving to God for blessing our district with farsighted leadership, and with the firstfruits of devoted labor.

The fact that Mr. Precht is a native of Denmark calls strongly to mind that 98 years ago his countryman, Claus Lauritz Clausen, came very close to the honor of ranking as the pastor first ordained to serve among Norwegian settlers south of the border. Elling Eielsen, after a most remarkable and sudden change of mind, "beat" him to it by the short space of only ten days. Both ordinations took place in October, 1843.

In referring to leadership, we shall scarcely do injustice to anyone by making special mention of Dr. J. R. Lavik whose many and varied contributions to the Canada district have always been of the highest order. His intimate knowledge of the needs and problems peculiar to our Canadian field led him to advocate with ever greater effectiveness the establishment of a separate seminary. If there were those who to begin with questioned the wisdom of such an undertaking, we feel that the seminary already has fully justified its existence, and every passing year will further emphasize its essential and indispensable mission.

We may have more to say on this subject later on. For the time being we only intended to make a few remarks by way of introducing the extracts from Mr. Precht's sermon printed elsewhere in this issue, but somehow ended up with this brief editorial.

May the Lord of the Church continue to bless and prosper both faculty and students at Luther Theological Seminary!

Sanatorium Needed In Alaska

The February issue of "Eskimo Land", a mimeographed paper published by Rev. Elmer H. Dahle, stationed at Shishmaref, Alaska, mentions several recent deaths from tuberculosis.

Last summer a Dr. Congdon took 113 x-ray chest pictures at the Shishmaref village. "Ten of these showed definite tuberculosis of the lungs; six were suspicious, and six were indefinite." Similar results were obtained at the Teller mission.

These figures tell a very depressing story. Of the people examined last summer, every fifth person was proved more or less definitely afflicted with TB!

It surely is a matter of deep regret that as yet no other care can be given these many patients than to tell them to go home and try to rest and sleep as much as possible. This, however, does not appeal to the Eskimo at all. He reasons, "Why go to bed when I am not sick?" Not as long as he is able to move about will he take to his bed, and then, of course, he is a doomed man.

The pity of it all is summed up in the simple yet eloquent words of Rev. Dahle, "We hope and pray that the time may soon come when a TB hospital may be provided for the natives of Alaska."

Objectionable?

The editor expects a mild uproar over that little figure down in the corner on third page whose avowed business it is to fish out an innocent joke or two. Why, then, put it in when we frankly suspect that far from all will like the novelty?

Well, apart from the inclination to try something new, at least once, we wonder if such a corner might not appeal to a good many, young people especially, who otherwise pay little attention to "Hyrden" but whose interest might be increased by means of such a little "bait". Anyway, here it is, and what is your reaction?

FRA EN TUR TIL CANADA

(Fortsat fra side 1)

ne Stime, der har virket som prest der siden han blev ordineret i 1939. Han viste os den begyndelse der var gjort til kirke. De har kun underetagen ferdig og der holdes regelmæssig gudstjeneste og andre sammenkomster. Der er en liten menighet organiseret og kvindeforening og ungdomsforening arbeider godt.

Prince Albert er et centralt sted for alle menigheter i øst og vest, nord og syd. Der er kringkastningsstation in Prince Albert, og hver søndag er der lutherske gudstjenester over denne station. Stedets prest maa ta det tyngste tag i denne gjerning, men naboprester hjelper ogsaa til. Vi kan forstaa hvilken betydning det maa ha at den lutherske kirke kan holde dette arbeide gaaende. Menighetens folk rundt omkring er meget interessert i denne kringkastning og gaver strømmer ind fra alle kanter. I en saadan by er der altid mange unge der kommer ind for at søke arbeide eller gaa paa skole. Her finder de med en gang et kirkelegit hjem og det var en glede at høre at de unge var flittige til at møte op ved gudstjenesterne, ungdomsmøter og bibelklasser. Det er en skade at pastor Stime allerede har faaet et andet kald. Han blev nemlig kaldt som lærer ved den lutherske bibelskole i Minneapolis og optok dette arbeide sidste høst. Pastor Dahle fra Watrous har tat hans plads.

Prince Albert har en lang historie hvad det lutherske menighetsarbeide angaar. Det var nemlig i den første tid en mengde norske arbeidere i Prince Albert. Det var nemlig to store sagbruk i byen og en mengde av arbeiderne var norske. De fleste av disse arbeidere tok sig homestead og følgen blev den, at det var en meget ustadig forsamling vi hadde for os. Stundom kunde vi ha et hundrede mennesker og igjen sank det ned til kun en liten flok.

Det første aaret vi var der ute fik vi ikke tid til at ta op noe arbeide i Prince Albert, men den 3. februar 1905 hadde vi vor første gudstjeneste der. Den blev holdt hos skomaker Johnson, en danske, som bodde like bak Queens hotel. Lørdags aften

A Proof

In answer to Christ's question, "Lovest thou me?", it was not enough that Peter said, "Yes, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee", but as a proof of that love Christ gave him the command — "Feed my sheep".

Through the Church, Christ is calling each one of us to help "Feed His Sheep". From the Church comes the invitation to have a share in its world-wide program. If we are truly grateful for Christ's victory over death, will not the measure of our gratitude be shown by our willingness to participate in the mission program of our Church?

Almost two thousand years have gone now since the Lord Jesus died and rose again for the salvation of the world, and still two-thirds of the world does not know it.

"More than these?" the Master questions, .
Lovest thou Me more than these? Riches, pleasure, praise and honor, Or a selfish life of ease?"
O Good Shepherd, we would serve Thee,

In Thy world-wide mission field; Though our love we dare not measure, Bless, we pray, the gifts we yield! May we guide lost lambs to heaven, Knowing that thus shall we keep The command which Thou hast given, "Love Me, Christian!" — "Feed My Sheep!"

As we bring our offerings now the first quarter of 1941, let us pray definitely for each of the activities of our Church — Christian Education, Home and Foreign Missions, Charities and Pensions — and **prove our love to Christ** by laying our gifts and our lives on His altar that HIS SHEEP MAY BE FED!

—B.

den 4. mars hadde vi et møte hos Johnson igjen, og der blev da stiftet en kvindeforening, og søndagen efter hadde vi gudstjeneste paa formiddag hos en familie ved navn Forseth og om aftenen igjen var vi samlet hos Johnson. Siden hadde vi møter i Prince Albert noksaar regelmessigt en gang hver maaned.

Den første begyndelse til menighetsdannelse blev gjort paa et møte hos Ole Grannum den 11. mai 1905. De faa familier der den gang blev med flyttet siden ut og tok sig land. Mr. Grannum flyttet til Spruce Home, et stykke nordvest fra Prince Albert, hvor han endnu bor. Der er en liten menighet som tilhører Prince Albert kaldet. Mr. Grannum hadde to brødre der bodde her i Northwood. Den ene av disse, Louis Grannum, hadde i de sidste aar opholdt sig som patient ved Grand Forks county hospital i Arvilla, og der omkom han i en ildebrand da hospitalet brendte ned sidste vaar.

Den nystiftede menighet hadde planer oppe at bygge kirke og kirke-tomt blev kjøpt. Der blev imidlertid ikke bygget noen kirke og kirkegrunden gik tapt. Imidlertid forsøkte man at holde arbeidet gaaende i leiet lokale. De fleste av møterne blev holdt i en hall oppe i selve byen, men man hadde ogsaa møter med søndagsskole i det saakaldte Goshen, der hvor det ene sagbruk var beliggende.

Da det ikke var muligt at holde arbeidet gaaende som en menighet blev det ordnet slik at der valgtes en bestyrelse som skulde se til med dette arbeide. Det var mer at ligne med en ungdomsforening. Der blev optat kollekter ved hvert møte, og denne bestyrelse saa til at leien for lokalet blev betalt.

I 1906 sendte missionskomiteen pastor J. H. Røvik til Prince Albert for at opta arbeidet der og i tilstødende strøk. Han bodde en tid der men flyttet siden til Shellbrook hvor han tok sig homestead, drev en liten handel og var en tid postmester. Han sluttet da som prest for en tid og i hans sted sendte missionskomiteen pastor R. R. Syrdal for at ta op dette arbeide. Han bodde i Prince Albert, men blev der kun henimot et aar, da han fik kald fra Shelly, Minn., og flyttet did. Det blev nu vanskelig at faa en fast prest for Prince Albert. Naboprester hjalp til det bedste de kunde. I denne tid kom der en ung mand til Prince Albert ved navn Ole Haugen. Han arbeidet som snedker og murer og en aften da

Mrs. Rebekka Solberg

Mrs. Rebekka Solberg fra Gouldtown-distriktet nord fra Herbert, Sask., avgikk ved døden den 14de mars, 94½ aar gammel.

Hun var født i Utvik, Nordfjord, Norge, den 14de september, 1846, og utvandret til U.S.A. i 1876. Den 21de november samme aar blev hun gift med Bent Solberg i Wisconsin. Aaret efter drog de med et oksepann vestover til Nebraska, og tok homestead i nærheten av Newman Grove hvor de var med og organiserte den norsk lutherske menighet der paa stedet. I 1886 reiste de tilbake til Norge hvor de blev boende til de femogtyve aar senere (1911) utvandret paany, med Kanada som maal, og bosatte sig paa et homestead 12 mil nord fra Herbert.

I de sidste 18 aar bodde disse gamle hos sønnen Rasmus Bentzen og hustru, hvor de nød omhyggelig og kjerlig pleie. Bent Solberg døde 10r to aar siden, 93 aar gammel.

Den avdøde laa tilsengs i flere aar, og baade legemlige og sjelelige kræfter og evner avtok litt om senn til hun sovnet ind, stille og rolig. Bisættelsen foregikk paa Highland menighets gravlund den 18de mars. Undertegnede forrettet.

Mrs. Solberg overlevs av fem sønner, Anders, Rasmus, Cornelius, Henry, og Arne — alle i Kanada — samt ti barnebarn og ni barnebarns barn, likeledes en bror og en søster i Nebraska.

Gud signe Rebekka Solbergs minne!
O. J. Marken.

Christ Anholt

Det tyndes ut i rekkerne. Atter har en av de ældre pionerer faat hjemlov. Christ Anholt var født i Stokke, Norge, den 26 august, 1879. Han forlot hjemlandet og kom til Grafton, N. Dak., 1899. Senere reiste han til Kanada og tok land nordøst fra Outlook. Der bygget han sig et pent og hyggeligt hjem hvor han levde til sin død den 20 mars. Da han folte enden nerme sig, kaldte han hele familien til sit dødsleie, og bad dem ikke graate, for han skulde gaa hjem til hvile. Hvor herligt det vilde være om alle hadde et saa fast haap paa dødsleiet!

Bisettelsen foregik den 23 mars fra Sask. River kirke som var fylldt til trengsel. Et veld av blomster fra slekt og venner smykket baaren. En mindekrans paa \$2.00 fra Mrs. Lars Anholt og familie blev gitt til bibelskolen i Outlook. Undertegnede holdt ligttalen i tilknytning til Matt. 7:13 —14, og forrettet ved graven. Miss Olga Anholt sang, "Jesus keep me near the cross", og "Vi skal sove men ei evigt". Mr. K. Marken ogsaa tok del med en solo. Ligbærere var Arnold og Henry Rindal, Chester, Wedel, Anton, og Alf Anholt.

Mr. Anholt efterlater sig hustru og fem døttre, Sophia, Theresa, Gerda, Nellie og Mabel, og fire sønner fra sit første ekteskap, Anker, i Alta., Oscar, Palmer, og Oliver, Glenside. To brødre, Matt, Glenside, og Oswald, Amisk, Alta., samt far og tre søstre i Norge ogsaa overlever ham.

Hvil da i fred! —A. Hjortaas.

vi hadde hat en gudstjeneste paa en hall stod han nede ved døren, da vi skulde gaa ut. Vi hilste paa ham og takket ham for at han kom til vort møte. Vi sa at det var slemt at vi ikke hadde en fast ansat prest i byen, men maatte nøie os med den betjening naboprester kunde gi. Han spurte da om der var anledning for noen anden at preke der. Vi ante straks at muligens var han en predikant og spurte om han talte Guds ord. Jo, han hadde gjort det før. Han hadde frekventert en luthersk bibelskole. Vi blev da enige om at han skulde hjelpe til med arbeidet og preke hver søndag naar ikke noen prest kunde komme did. Da han paa denne maate hadde virket en tid i Prince Albert, fik han indbydelse til at reise som evangelist i vore menigheter, og da han var en dygtig predikant og ønsket at arbeide inden vor kirke, reiste han med anbefaling til vor presteskole i St. Paul og efter et kort ophold der blev han ordineret som prest og virket til stor velsignelse paa mange steder i Canada. Det sidste kald han hadde var i Starbuck og Winnipeg, Manitoba. Han døde i Winnipeg den 24. juni 1939 efter en operation.

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life.

The SHEPHERD

I AM THE GOOD SHEPHERD. John 10, 11.

He that believeth on him is not judged; he that believeth not hath been judged already, because he hath not believed on the name of the only begotten Son of God.

Winnipeg, Manitoba, Second Nr. in April, 1941

"THE STRUGGLE IN WHICH NO ONE CAN BE NEUTRAL"

(Luke 11: 14-28)

Excerpts from J. Precht's graduate sermon.

The struggle in which no one can be neutral is the struggle between good and evil. It began in Paradise when God declared war upon Satan, saying, "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed." This struggle has gone on ever since, and it will not cease before Satan is bound and "cast into the lake of fire." Thus the struggle against evil is

An unabating struggle

The Christian will ever need to pray, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." We do not observe the struggle that goes on in secret; we only see some of the defeats. And we must admit that the Christian life is not a sinless one, some may even fall deeply into sin; therefore, the Christian life is a life of daily repentance.

It is not equally easy to confess Christ in all places. It is easy to confess one's faith in church, or from the pulpit, but it is many times harder when one is surrounded by people who scoff and mock. Yet the individual must in his private life be a light and a witness for Christ. His life must bear witness to his faith, and this involves a continual struggle against evil.

No neutral ground

In this struggle there can be absolutely no neutrality. There is no third possibility: "He that is not with me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me scattereth". There is no neutral ground, a person is either a Christian, or he is against Christ. He is either living and working for Christ or he is working against him. If Christianity and morality were identical, then we could possibly conceive of a neutral ground, or of people being harmless as far as their influence is concerned. But Christianity and morality are not identical. Whether we are Christians or not depends on to whom we yield allegiance. If Christ is our Master then we are Christians, but if we live under the bondage of sin and in loyalty to Satan then we are not Christians. We are either the one or the other; for or against.

No one exempt

Let us, therefore, consider how we may enlist under the banner of the cross. In our text we are told that Jesus cast out a devil. Now, I am sure that it would be unsafe for me to go around and tell people that they are possessed with devils. I believe they would resent it very much. But I do know on the authority of the Word of God that "All have sinned and come short of the Glory of God". (Rom. 3:23) And as all have sinned, all need God's grace in the forgiveness of sins. We all need the cleansing power of the blood of Christ. The way to enlist under Christ is, therefore, the way of repentance and faith. We must confess our sins to God, confess that we are sinners, and then believe that His promise of forgiveness is for us, "if we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness". (1. John 1:9)

To be a soldier of Christ means, then, to be a forgiven sinner, and to live in daily fellowship with Christ. It means also an active life in His service. We are cleansed from sin for the purpose of serving Him.

Again let us be reminded that it is possible to be a follower of Christ for a while and then fall away, go back into a life in sin. We are repeatedly warned in the Bible "to watch and pray", or the words of Jesus: "Behold thou art made whole: sin no more lest a worse thing come unto thee." (John 5:14)

Weapons employed

Let us also briefly consider the weapons used in this struggle. Jesus said that he cast out devils with the finger of God. In the account given by Matthew it is said that Jesus cast out devils by the Spirit of God. In other words, it was by the power that he had from God. We know that in the hour of temptation Jesus drove back the cunning attacks of Satan by the Word of God. And we know also that Jesus met the accusations of his enemies by his words. He spoke with authority. He was Himself the Word.

The church must use the same weapons today. We say that the church is where the Word of God is preached in its purity, and where the sacraments are rightly administered. The church must preach law and gospel, sin and grace. Christianity is the religion "for sinners only". It is the Holy Spirit that convicts a person of sin and this He does through the Word. In the explanation to the Third Article, we hear: "I believe that I cannot by my own reason or strength believe in Jesus Christ, My Lord, or come to Him: but the Holy Ghost has called me through the Gospel, enlightened me with His gifts and sanctified and preserved me in the true faith".

And the individual Christian has no other weapon with which to meet the attacks of Satan, in the forms of doubts and temptation to sin, than the Word of God. As Christians we must use the Word of God. Read it at home in the family circle, and in private. Hear the Word as often as possible. By the Word of God we shall conquer the evil one.

Victory and reward

Some may wonder what the Christian is going to receive for his service. If the Christian life is a constant struggle, surely, there must be a reward for faithful service. Personally, I don't like to speak about rewards; it seems to me that if we serve God for reward then the motive is wrong. However, there is something in store for the Christian both here and hereafter.

The reward that Jesus promises is not distinction or thrilling experiences, but blessedness to those "that hear the Word of God and keep it". And that means to those who believe the Word and abide in it to the end. Blessedness is that peace and joy which come with the forgiveness of sin, and which will reach its consummation when the faithful have entered into the joy of their Lord.

On which side are you in the struggle between good and evil? If you are not yet on Christ's side, you may enlist now when you hear the Word. May God grant us to be on His side in the decisive battle!

Amen.

The Lutheran Hymnary

I wonder how many of us have stopped to think what a rich heritage has been handed down to us in the hymns of our Lutheran Church. Before the time of Martin Luther and the Reformation, most hymn music was in the latin language and took the form of chanting. Luther was not only a reformer but a poet and writer of songs for the Church, introducing a new form of hymn or chorale, of which his most popular 'A Mighty Fortress is our God' is known the world over. He was followed by many others whose hymns are great classics. One of the most widely known was the great Lutheran divine, Paul Gerhardt, who lived in the 17th century. The encyclopedia says of him, "His productions include 123 excellent hymns, many of which have been translated into various languages". And among his hymns we find "O, how shall I receive Thee?" and the great classic that we sing especially on Good Friday, "O Sacred Head Now Wounded, with grief and shame weighed down".

To many who from childhood have heard only the lively, fast moving type of hymn, the classical church hymn seems ponderous and somber. The Lutheran hymn must be familiarized by use in order to be really appreciated. Only by singing them ourselves can we learn to appreciate their true musical value, their depth, their harmony, their devotional power. They are more solemn — many of them are written in the minor key, as is some of the world's very finest classical music.

If we enter a Presbyterian church we will find Presbyterian Hymnals; an Anglican church, Anglican Hymnals; and so on. The Salvation Army too, has its special Hymnal. Should we not then in our Lutheran Church or in our Luther League also expect to see and to use Lutheran Hymnals?

Mrs. Gertrude Austenson Lenz
Viscount, Sask.

North of the "Friendly Border"

We are thankful to God that even in this part of the country which saw nine or ten years of crop failures in succession times now seem to have taken a turn for the better. We have literally seen "the desert blossom like the rose." It will quite naturally, however, take people a few years to recover from the trying times which most of them have passed through. We are speaking now of the Moose Jaw Circuit located immediately north of the Montana-North Dakota border, and which reaches as far north as Moose Jaw, Sask.

During the first quarter of each year roads here are generally impassable for cars. Snow ploughs seldom visit these parts, especially along the extreme southern highway. But we hope that better days lie ahead for us, also in this respect.

Lately people seem to be taking a greater interest in their church work, which is a welcome sign. In this Lake Alma charge where the women find it difficult to hold their regular Ladies Aid meetings in the winter time, we have a very active L. D. R. Among those taking part has been a young Chinese girl, Miss Belle Wong, lately arrived from China. She is a daughter of the local cafe proprietor. On the nineteenth of March, undersigned had the honor of officiating at the marriage of this young lady to Mr. Wong Ching Woo, of Regina. Two days previously the many friends of this lovely couple gave a "Miscellaneous Shower" in their honor at the Lutheran parsonage.

Six congregations in the Lake Alma charge—Saron, St. Olaf, St. John, Overland, Dovre, and Immanuel—have joined the new pension plan of our Church.

May God in His mercy continue to bless this corner of His vineyard!

—T. J. Langley

"A Fine Group of Young People"

That is what the dean of the Saskatchewan Lutheran Bible Institute has to say about the students who have been under his supervision during the past school year. And knowing the dean as well as I do, I know that he does not mean "fine" only from a moral point of view, but that they are a group of young people who have dedicated and consecrated their lives to the Lord Jesus Christ. We are happy to learn this. It should spur us on to greater efforts.

The school has been a real success, first of all from a spiritual point of view, and would it not be in order that we in gratitude to God, teachers, and students of our Bibel Institute make special efforts to send in our contributions towards the general fund so that we will be able to close the present school year without any deficit? Not only that — we should have a surplus for the coming school year, too.

In speaking about donations, I would like to encourage more individual gifts. It is a fine thing to call upon the Ladies Aids, the Luther Leagues, and other organizations of our congregations to give to this worthy cause — let us continue to do that, but I believe that the continued and ultimate success of any Bible Institute must necessarily rest upon the prayers and gifts of the individual Christians.

Then, one thing more. When Rev. Evenson was called as the dean of the Bible Institute, we gave him to understand that he should receive a fixed salary for the whole year — not only for the school terms. He accepted the call in good faith. Let us not fail him, nor our obligations towards God. Since the dean is called for the entire year, he is available — when the school is not in session — for Bible Camps and Luther League Conventions, and for Bible Conferences and Evangelistic work in congregations throughout the district. In this way the people will be able to get in direct touch with the dean, and it will also give him a opportunity to present the needs of the Bible Institute, and to encourage students to attend the school. Offerings and gifts received during the deans visit go towards the general fund of the Bible Institute.

Write now to Rev. G. O. Evenson, and arrange to have him come to your congregations. Invitations should for obvious reasons be sent in early so that the dean can make out his itinerary. While I have no definite word from Rev. Evenson as to the time when he plans to begin traveling, I feel somewhat safe in assuming that he will be available by the first of May.

Peder Lerseth,
Chairman of board.

From Prince Albert, Sask.

The Luther leagues have been operating as usual all winter. Two radio broadcasts have been sponsored, one by the Spruce Home young people, and one by the Prince Albert. The social committees have also been working, arranging for a number of social get-togethers. These have been in the nature of short programs, with refreshments served afterward.

The L.D.R. of Prince Albert sponsored a toboggan party. Some thirty young people were present. Proceeds from the undertaking went to the local building fund.

—Clara Haugen.

News From Saskatoon

The March bulletin of Zion Lutheran Church of Saskatoon has two items of interest to Luther Leaguers. The first concerns the organization of a Junior Luther League on February 16. Officers elected were: President, Dorothy Iversen; Vice-president, Lorraine Benson; Secretary, Arthur Dahlen; Treasurer, Yvonne Mogen.

The second news item in question reports that the Senior Luther League decided that six books of the reading project be secured. A special collection for this purpose netted seven dollars.



"Does he know anything about electricity?"
"No, he even wonders what kind of a nut belongs on a thunderbolt."

"Papa," asked little Willie, "why do they call it the mother tongue?"
"Well," answered father, "just see who uses it the most!"

Diner: "Waiter, what kind of meat is this?"

Waiter: "Spring lamb, sir."
"I thought so! I've been chewing on one of the springs for an hour!"

WOMEN'S MISSIONARY FEDERATION

Mrs. George Hendrickson, Editor — Tofield, Alta.

The Bible and Our Children

by Mrs. Otto Dewitz

Eau Claire, Wisconsin

As we read the Bible, we notice how God always prepares the way—the earth created for mankind, Joseph sent ahead to secure food for God's chosen people, Moses raised up to lead them out of Egypt. In the New Testament when John the Baptist was sent to prepare the way for Christ, "There was a man, sent of God". For the young of each generation God has provided parents to counsel them in their tender years. It is always a marvel to me that God would bend so low as to permit me the privilege of helping to mould the lives of His precious souls. I am persuaded that parents are sent from God; yet I also realize how lightly we sometimes assume this great responsibility.

We often say we hope our children may find happiness, but the dictionary says happiness is a state of bliss in which we have whatever we might wish as far as physical pleasures and luxuries are concerned—fun, fame, money and other fleeting things of this world. That is happiness—physical pleasure and luxury.

On second thought we find we do not so greatly desire our children to live in this state of happiness. The word happiness is not found in the Bible. A better word is used, blessed. People can be blessed who are not always happy, but such people are really better off than if they were only happy. The word blessed suggests the idea of having a gift of God within you that makes you certain that no matter what happens, God is with you, and you are with Him. Blessed in that way our children can face hardship, disappointment, and even their own sins and failures as well as prosperity, success, and popularity with the sure conviction that all things work together for good to them that belong to the Lord and love Him.

With the prayer in our hearts that our children may live in this land of blessedness, we, as parents, seek to prepare the way. From early babyhood on, we try to implant and strengthen the gift of the Holy Spirit in their hearts.

What a solemn and thrilling moment when we as parents look at our new-born child and realize that we are God's first messengers to that child. Oh, how important and lasting those first impressions of God can be! It is comparatively easy to make God, the Creator, real to a tiny child. God made this pretty flower. We know He is near because each day He is creating new flowers in our own garden. That God is love, the smallest child can readily understand. God gives us the warm sun, the delicious apple. Each day we receive loving gifts from His hands. That God is great and powerful—He sets the stars in the heavens, He paints the beautiful sunsets.

Concerning the devil and sin, the child soon forms some very strong convictions. Even the death of Christ for our sins and the salvation of our souls through belief in the Son of God is not too high a step for them. They do not have to understand the why, the how, and the wherefore, as do older children. Jesus says so, and that is enough for them.

May I tell you of a scene indelibly stamped on my memory? It was seven o'clock in the living room of a modest home. We were just leaving after a pleasant afternoon and evening meal with our friends. The mother, a young woman with beautiful eyes, asked if we would care to stay and have family devotions with them. Needless to say, we were happy to. They had a girl three years old and a babe about eight months. At the beginning of their devotions they sang:

"Come into my heart,
Come into my heart,
Come into my heart, Lord Jesus.
Come in to-day, come in to stay,
Come into my heart, Lord Jesus."

The father read just one verse out of the Bible (Gen. 5:24): "Enoch

walked with God and he was not, for God took him." Then the mother told very simply, so the three-year-old girl understood each word, how we can walk with Him, and how when our walk on earth is done, God will take us home to be forever with God. The father offered such a touching prayer, thanking God for the Bible, that teaches us how God wants us to walk. Then we sang:

"Now thank we all our God, with hearts and hands and voices
Who wondrous things hath done, in whom His world rejoices,
Who from our mother's arms, hath blessed us on our way,
With countless gifts of love and still is ours today."

It seems that on Sunday evenings this family often played a game called Bible verses. For a specified length of time they would each say a Bible verse around and around the circle. On this particular evening the mother suggested we each take just two turns. The little girl gave these two verses using these motions: "Create in me a clean heart, Lord!" (putting her hand over her heart); and "The very hairs of your head are numbered" (with her hands on her hair).

We remarked about the little girl's knowing so many Bible verses, and the child asked her mother if she might show us her Bible Verse Cards. With her mother's permission she showed us about fifteen pictures pasted on cardboard, not a single verse on any. Just pictures, and not many Bible story pictures either. One picture of a trellis covered with roses cut, I am sure, from a seed catalogue, reminded her of the verse, "God hath made all things beautiful." A picture of the globe with children of all nations clasping hands around the equator reminded her of "Love one another." She picked out a picture of Christ and told us that was her first and best picture. She grasped it in her chubby fingers and ran to the window sill and braced it up against the pane, for that was where she had first learned it. In a voice firm with conviction, that I am sure must have made the angels of heaven burst into song, she said Peter's confession: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God!" Christ was, oh, so real, so near to that tiny tot. The Holy Spirit was templed in her heart.

To Mother!

Mother, your hair is turning gray!
Your step no more so light and gay
And wrinkles which your bow now bears
All tell of mother-love and cares.

God bless and keep you, mother true,
Until your days on earth are through,
Call'd one by one to that fair clime,
We'll gather there, sweet mother mine.

We'll meet our Dad who's gone before,
Who's waiting on the golden shore;
And what a happy day 'twill be
To gather as a family!

And so my prayer for you this day:
God bless and keep you all the way!
God keep us all in His great love,
And gather us in heav'n above!
—Martin Knudson,
Ryley, Alta.

"We only see a little of the ocean,
A few miles distance from the rocky shore;
But oh, out there beyond—beyond the eyes' horizon
There's more—there's more!"

"We only see a little of God's loving,
A few rich treasures from His mighty store;
But oh, out there beyond—beyond our life's horizon
There's more—there's more!"
(Author unknown!)

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YOUNG PEOPLE'S LUTHER LEAGUE

Editor, Rev. G. O. Evenson, Outlook, Sask.

"Ye are My friends, if ye do the things which I command you"—(John 15:14).

At first sight this verse bolsters work-righteousness. For Christ says nothing about faith. His statement is not, "Ye are My friends if ye believe on Me", but "If ye do the things which I command you."

But does the work-righteous person do the things which Christ has commanded? Does he come to Christ as a weary and heavy-laden sinner thirsting for His righteousness? By the mere fact that he depends on his works he declares that he does not. Of such Christ affirms, "Ye will not come unto Me that ye may have life." He further states that even miraculous works done apart from living fellowship with Him are iniquity in His sight.

In other words, it is possible to counterfeit true obedience to Christ. How shall we determine what is such true obedience? The test is the motive that prompts the doing: A friend of Christ does not do good works to make himself a friend of Christ, but because he is already a friend of Christ.

Yes, one who is a friend of Christ does manifest the fruits of faith in his life. The absence of those fruits shows that faith is lacking. The absence of those fruits demonstrates that we are not His friends.

Is It Worth It?

Luke 13:34 "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not."

As I contemplate these words of Christ, I wonder if there ever has been in the history of man a sadder cry. Christ had come into Jerusalem the Holy City to fulfill His mission as Messiah. With the foreknowledge of God He saw what was in store for Him—the mockery, the hatred, the cross. It is a cry of sorrowing love that arises from His lips and heart over this unrepentant city. A heathen viewing this moment in the life of Christ might say, "What was the use of it all? Was it worth it to Christ to die for a people who so treated Him and His message?"

These thoughts bring me to a question that I have faced many times, a question that will face me again and again; it is a question that so often ties up also with many things in the present day church. The question, to put it simply, is: Is it worth it?

Many a time I sat confronted with that question when I contemplated the call of Christ: "Follow Me." I remember back in the beginning of my life as a child of God, as I started upon the Way of Life, facing that question: Is it worth it? Is it worth giving up the friends who would not go with you in following Christ, Is it worth breaking with past associations, past pleasures, past ambitions? Is it worth the mockery of, men even of your own kin? Is it worth denying yourself and taking up a cross and following Him? And sometimes in my weakness of faith I thought no. But always this thought persisted: Supposing the Lord had said "Is it worth it?" as He contemplated Calvary.

The call of Christ came to me to enter the ministry. Again the same question had to be met: Is the ministry worth giving up your ambitions in other pursuits? Is it worth the hard road that one must follow to enter it? Again I thought of Christ and His infinitely greater ministry. Suppose Christ had decided it was not worth the anguish and the pain, the labor and toil, to say nothing of His death at Calvary?

Nor does this same question fail to appear to the pastor who has already served for some time in the ministry. Is it worth it? Has it been worth giving the best years of your life to prepare for it? Is it worth mortgaging yourself for years to come to enter the work? Is it worth, as sometimes happens, shortening

the years of your life by the heartaches and discouragements? Is it worth walking the floor all night long, or plunging hours on end through a storm while you wrestle with God in prayer over some rebellious person? Is it worth the anguish of soul that needs must lay hold on a pastor as he sees souls committed to his care continue taking the highroad to open sins? Is it worth being hated because you have tried to do the will of God? Is it worth being despised by the very ones for whom you pray? Is it worth the slander and lies?

Again I think of our Lord Jesus Christ. Was His ministry worth undertaking? Was it worth preaching the Gospel, denouncing sin, and calling men to repentance, when even the priests and scribes of Jerusalem plotted His death? Was it worth being hated by His own people at Nazareth when He read the Word to them in the synagogue? Was it worth the temptation in the wilderness? Was it worth having one of His chosen friends betray Him with a kiss? Was it worth having Romans mock and scourge Him? Was it worth the price of being crowned with thorns, and crucified between two thieves? Was it worth dying there, not only of a broken body but of a broken heart?

It WAS worth it. Thank God, Christ considered it all worth while. If the only person redeemed had been the robber on the cross who said, "Rabbi, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom," it would have been worth the price. If the only person who had experienced salvation was the woman who wept over Jesus' feet and dried them with her hair, it would not have been in vain. If the only one who had received forgiveness had been the woman taken in adultery, to whom Christ said, "Go, and sin no more," Christ's ministry would not have been in vain. In the sight of God one soul is worth more than the whole world.

It is worth while in the ministry, too. It is worth every sacrifice, every sorrow, every curse received, every injury that man or hell may do, as one carries on the work of the Kingdom of God. Even though the Kingdom of God here is beset on every hand by the forces of the kingdom of this world—even though the devil at times by deceit brings opposition to that Word and Will of God from within the ranks of the visible Church—the ministry of the Gospel of Jesus Christ is not in vain.

As I look back over the past months and years, I cannot say it is in vain. Could I not say it was not worth while, when I have seen the miracle of the Lord in giving back a dying infant into the hands of his mother by baptism and prayer? Can I say it is not worth it when I recall faces lighted up with the knowledge of Christ's salvation? Can I say it is in vain when I recall a penitent man on his knees in the Badlands desolation crying out to God for forgiveness, and as I recall the joy that followed? Could I say it is in vain, when I have seen the poor and needy supplied with bread and clothing by compassion of the Lord in the hearts of men? No, not in vain.

To everyone of us as we accept Jesus Christ as our Savior, there comes a ministry. It may not be the ministry of the Word, but we all have a part in the ministry of the Kingdom wherever the talents we possess may be used by the Lord. To use ourselves for the glory of our Lord, in word or deed, will demand certain sacrifices of us. There is no use following Christ without bearing a cross. Christ says: "Whosoever will follow Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me". As each one faces that challenge and ponders the question: Is it worth it? let him remember the answer the Lord gave to the same question everywhere in His ministry and finally at Calvary. It IS worth it.

— Oliver Everette, in April Youth Issue of Luth. Herald.